

A knot of Fooles.

B V T,

[4.]

Fooles, or Knaues, or both, I care not,
Here they are ; *Come laugh and spare not.*



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To the Reader.

KInd Reader (cause I'de finde thee so,
I so enstille thee) I haue here
(I will not call't a puppet-show :
Though those and these, come something neare,
Compar'd with iudgment) Such a sight,
As for thy Cost returnes Delight.

You know the Title, then laugh on :
Yet so this mirth should be receiu'd,
As it was by him that long agoe,
As folly laught, and yet was grieu'd.
For when he laught at lust or pride,
T'was not to cherish, but deride.

Democritus.

So laugh and spare not : for the sport
Will last till times extreamest date,
I'th City, Country, and at Court,
Which way so ere you turne, you ha't.
The best I'de please, which if I can, I care not,
So, as my Title saies : Come laugh and spare not.

Tho. Brewer,



A knot of Fooles.

The Crew meet and salute : For their
Characters, take them as you find them in
their owne phantasticall prating.

1 **S** Aue you.
2 God saue you.
3 Saue you.

4 Sirs, in one,
Among you all a thousand : so wee ha done
Our salutations quickly. Face to face.
So many friends brought by a minuts space,
So vnexpectedly ! " Now by my blood ;
" A thing that has no tainture from the mud
" Of vulgar basenesse, but is pure and cleare
" As any, *Costed* euer since the yeare
" Of blusshlesse innocence. That thus we meet,
Presents a ioy as welcome and as sweet,
As can by man be tasted.

5 Stay, Sir, stay :
Can you goe backward such an endlesse way,
To fetch the grace, the lustre, the bright fire
Of honour to your Title, and not tire ?
'Twere fit you pause a little, make a stand ;
So much good blood, and yet so little land.
I hope we know you.

A 2

Then

A knot of Fooles.

4 Then thou know'st my name,
Enrould with *great* ones.

5 Why, the *greater* shame,
As you abuse. An you remember well,
I bought the Land that you were forc't to sell,
To buy your Chase of *Pleasure*. When such Apes
As you are, court her in a thousand shapcs,
Heres the iust issue. Giue your betters way.

4 The dunghill *Scarab* with the *Eagle* play?
Cause thou hast wealth that has bin got with sweat,
First, by mecharicke labour; since deceit,
Vpon necessities (that fruitfull vse,
That's still begetting) shall I brooke th'abuse
Of thy comparisons?

6 Hold, hold, I pray.
Clubs, clubs, and Prentices, to part the fray.
If you be men, put vp. We all haue heard
The difference 'twene you; and a due regard
Would thus conclude: Thus heale this dangerous sore,
Hee's *rich* a Begger, and thou *Gentle* poore:
Houze then your swords. I see, your hearts and mine
Haue aimes quite contrary: giue me the *Vine*,
The noble iuyce of that. If you will iarre
About the goodnesse of your blood, the war
Must not be thus maintain'd; your nobler passes
Must be with pots, deepe boules, with cups and glasses:
Brim-full of that will sparkle in your face,
That's it refines the blood, and makes the *Base*
High-thoughted as the *Noble*. This Ile proue,
This I haue tried; and this pure blood I loue.

7 Why, God-a-mercy Lad. But on the lip
Of Beauty, lies the Nectar that I sip.

Where-

A knot of Fooles.

Whereof to tast, does not decrease the sweet,
But still it growes, and the more oft we meet
The more delight dwels in it : No such charme,
As in the circle of a womans arme.

And to conclude and summe vp all in one,
This ioyes in a Qion, when all else are done.

8 Peace silly man, they that delight in this,
Are poore effeminate weakelings. Let me kisse
The cheek of *Honor*, haue a name shall beare,
The double edge of *Favour*, and of *Fear*,
As I shall please to vse it. Like the shine
That we all see by, haue the bright, deuine,
And golden ray of Greatnesse. Here's the Theame
By day I plod on; and that makes me dreame
When nights blacke mantle hides vs : here's the end
Shewes fire within vs, striving t'ascend.

9 Sir, there be Serpents in the way you tread,
And, though *Ambition* haue a lofty head,
It comes short home sometimes, I neuer care
To spread my coloured plumes; let me ha faire
Old gold to looke on, and to lyne my bags,
Though my meat's course, and my best cloathing rags.

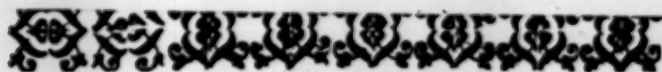
10 But that thou bearest white haire vpon thy head,
That plead for pittie, I should kicke thee dead
Starke dead before me. Like a Cullion goe,
And haue a golden *Tag* hourly flow
Into thy strong-bar'd Coffers : Such are my
More generous thoughts, that to the worlds squint eye
He shew an out-side, that for cost and fashion,
(Cut to a snip, into the last translation)
Shall make all eyes attend it : shall command
Such Hindes as thou art, with their cap in hand

A knot of Fooles.

To seruile duties. Nay, (the Gallants curse)
Though to this suit, I haue an empty purse,
Ile suite my face in *State*: though much in debt,
So much, this *Saw*, must in a Prison *set*,
Ile scorne obsequious croochings: Men shall find
Howere in state, Ile haue a stately mind.

11 Come, come, no more, these are no friendly parts:
Beside, to stand, to run through all these harts,
Would aske too long a time.

12 Nor were it fit,
Take euery man, the priuiledge of wit,
And way, that he best fancies: we are free,
To thrall our selues, were a captiuitie
Beyond the Gallies-plague. But we are spide,
By one that sits to laugh, jeere and deride
Those actions crosse his liking: Come let's walke
Next time we meet, wee'l find more time to talke.



A
KNOT OF FOOLES.

Come laugh and spare not.

Democritus: Ha, ha, ha.

O Give me leave to laugh: A world of things,
In this large Theater the world, time brings
Fit subiect for it. And though laughter be
But the Fooles Index, and so thought of me,
I greatly care not. For the Antique show
I see (so noted) would make laughter flow
As fast from any. Ha, ha, nor believe
(For in the instant that I laugh, I grieve)
Tis at mere Idiotisme; a motly marke,
Such as't has pleas'd th' Almighty to leave darke,
Onely a man in our-side: no, I hit
With my loud laughter, fooles that ha more wit,
Then they know what to doe with; such whose eyes
See, but themselves, all fooles, they onely wise.

Ha, ha, ha.

Better to hang, then to feed.

AND but observe this fellow: by his Coat,
You'd hardly thinke, he could command a groar,
Yet

Yet is the Lord of Mountaines, has a myne
Possess, in vse iust nothing but the shine
Of the rich earth he treasures. Night and noone,
To's golden Sun, and his bright siluer Moone,
In Adoration, he doth thus proceed :
Thou cloath'st the naked, dost the hungry feed,
Thou mak'st the feeble strong, the fowlest faire,
The shuddring coward, (in his heart, a Hare,)
In his sterne brow a Lion. In thy power
It is, from Cottage, to a Courtly Bower,
To raise course blood and breeding. By thy charmes
They that but crept, are holpen with such Armes,
As they out-soare the Eagle. Those the schooles
Haue labour'd to make wise, thou mak'st meere Fooles,
Forthine's the wisdom. Ha, ha, heere my heart,
Akes, with the laughter shakes it. Heres a part
Of that quient sport I laugh at : This poore Ass,
That bearing dainties, has himselfe but grasse,
Or courser bits to feed on : thus still crost,
With labour gain'd, feare kept, with sorrow lost.

Ha, ha, ha.

Craft in daubing.

Heres a pure fellow, (the maine thriving way,)
Ith City, Court or Country, he can lay
This colour well, may liue: yet when all's done,
Tmust be confest, that he's the Cities sonne,
A Citizen, there bred, and there hee's free,
As the great Cities Master : who but He,
For a plaine vpright dealer: From his lip,
Oneword prophane or idle, shall not slip

For

A knot of Fooles.

For a maine purchase : but an oath, I there
He meets a monster, that he quakes to heare.
And well he does to do't : but this pure vaile
Hides the deceit of an vn-euen scale:
The eye obfuscatcs, plainly cheats the sight,
His weights indeed, come many times too light,
(Too light I meane.) Ha, ha, I cannot tell.
But I haue heard, they haue one weight to sell,
Another weight to buy with : pretty sport.
Deepe measures shallow, and their long, too short
Besides false lights, vnder whose shadowes lie,
Those faults vnthought of, that would meet the eye,
In a more open place. Good Archers chuse
Their shafts according to the marks they vse.
So every tradesman, euery slyght a shaft,
To hit his profit : So the handicraft,
Must haue craft to, and all best conueyd
Where this demure, pure-seeming's ouer-laid
For them to passe in, thus: Now in good truth,
Belceue me law, in sadnesse, in good sooth,
Nay, verily tis so: with this they speed,
Their verily, a very-lie indeed,
Doe't when all failes : but that this handsome cloake
Hides a bad inside, many of these had broke
Long before this time, yet you see their pleasure,
Still to doe all, in number, weight and measure.

B

Ha,

A knot of Fooles.

Ha, ha, ha.

A rotten post painted.

Why here's a Pageant, full of gaudy show,
Tricks & strange things to laught at, but bestow
Your serious eye on this, and you shall sweare,
You ne're saw Folly trauell to despaire
Through so bewitching pleasure. Doe but note
(Beside the rich embroydery of her Coar,
Rare both in stufte and fashion) how this thing
Shines in her Indian pibbles: what a spring
Of youth and beautie's set vpon her face
By her bought haire and cullor: what a grace
She has from powder, and sh'ad need I thinke
For but she's powderd, her ranke flesh would stinke.

Ha, ha, ha.

Much adoe about nothing.

But here's the mirth: Ha, ha, obserue this Ass
That's so obseruant, he'll let nothing passe,
Either in cost, or duty, may in state
Him in her fauour, may incorporate
Or make him enter, as a man made free
In the precinct, command or libertie
Of her most deare affection. It appeares
Most deare, by'th trappings this loose Trader weares.
For all which cost, if she but please to smile,
Change wanton kisses, or pure sheets defile,
He's an exceeding gainer: when heau'n knows
His losse goes double: with his money goes

His

A knot of Fooles.

His body, wasted from it's vigorous hold,
And able structure; and (but yong) is old,
In feeble ham and aches. O he takes
From her lip Nectar; of her eye he makes
A most pellucide star; and in the breath
Of this strange thing (that's but the doore of death)
He finds the aire he liues by; when this aire,
Giues no word fashion, but becomes a snare,
In which he lies intangled: Not to iest,
His soule is not his owne, but in her brest.
Thus while she smiles, but let her change her brow,
And weare displeasure on it, he must bow
Looke pale and tremble: bid him goe, he then
Though heauy, flies: please her to call agen,
He's at her elbow: let her but command
What e're it be, it's tenderd to her hand:
With many humble duties: let her name,
But any man that she shall please to blame
For some distastfull word, this man's so stout;
He vowes to find the daring villaine out,
And lay his blood before him; so to proue
How much he loues her, and to gaine the loue
That then his life is dearer. Though well knowne.
She that loues many, does (indeed) loue none.
But here's his bondage, in this sinne shall fall,
He's slaue to her, that is a slaue to all.

Ha, ha, ha.

Tomble downe Dicke.

Let him that loues himselfe, let this man goe
He'll hardly stand me thinke: Dea.h what a blow

B 2

He

A Knot of Fools.

He gaue that window ? Such another Hit,
Will make that vessell, (holds more wine then wit,)
Leake, I can tell you. Now for shame, beare vp:
How this Vertigo, taken from the Cup,
Makes a man stagger : Doe you nore his face ?
An Ignis Fatuus ; that from place to place,
Flies in this Wine-die humour : and they say,
Lea's many a man out of his thrifry way,
Into by-nookes and dangers : T'is their lot,
Follow his leading to goe all to'th pot.
I neede not point you to the wealth he beares,
'Tis most apparant to you where he weares
Stones of great value ; Saph're, Rubie ; such
As (e're he came to weare e'm) cost so much
As hee'l now hardly number ; not in hast :
Yet 'tis well knowne he has bin vs'd to cast
His part of many reckonings: you may see't,
Some hee's now casting as he walkes the street :
Is not he cunning ? How he haukes and spets ?
And goes crosse leg'd, iust as a Taylor sits.
Yet he holds vp, he quarrells ; and by's hand,
Protests hee'l fight as long as he can stand.
That may be true. As his blind fury flies,
He swears to kill men, but he swears, and lies
Iust in the kennell. Ha, ha ; In this Sinke
Of base pollution ; this sweet diuell drinke ;
Are lost all vertues : man's a monster made ;
The priuy-chamber of his heart betraid
By the tongues babling rudenesse. Not a part
(The least) of man, that borrowes from the heart,
The actiue power it has ; in this has power
Of any true performance : yet a flower,

Diuinely

A RIDE OF FOOLIES.

Diuinely sweet to some, who know no wealth,
But when thus poore, we're well but in this health.

Ha, ha, ha.

Birds of a feather.

HEEr's a fine Merchant: pardon my mistake,
I'instyle him so: yet all this man can make,
He ventures out you see. Indeed the wanes
Swallow his Venture, are all Fooles and Knaues;
Huge roaring Billowes that with zounes and blood,
Swell, curle, and foame, till (like th'insatiate flood)
They sinke the Hazard that (in hope) was faire,
For the returne of a rich golden share,
Or some such worthy purchase: but the Mome,
Puts brauely forth still, still comes barely home.
See, in this shop of shifts, deceit and trickes,
How hard they labour? how that fellow pricks
A Card at pleasure? How that knaue that weares
His lining outward (cause the outside beares
But certaine satin inches) turnes his eye,
And cunningly pops in a cogging dye
Vpon that puny gamester. How he frets
A thousand curses out? Yet still he sets;
Still plaies, still hopes, (as all free Gamesters vse)
Throwes still to win, and yet still throwes to lose.
And see, the winner hauing chang'd his place,
Ioyn'd with that fellow with the bloody face,
(So scratch't and beaten for his cheating play)
Is now a loser, and with well-a-day,
Leaues this great schoole of mischief. Euer more,
Thus got, thus lost, or spent vpon a whore,

A Knot of Fooles,

The Roade of common gamesters. Hi, ha, here's
Two (like two Mastiffes) tugging by the eares,
About the last stakes snatching. There agen,
The Tables flye about, and thirty men
At one poore sharking fellow, Put of all,
That fellow teares the Cards he plaid withall,
Makes my best sport to laugh at. None atones,
Where painted paper, and the spotted bones
Raife a dissention. All their money drawne;
See now a little how the poore knaues pawne
The petty things they weare. A pretty crop
Their old Host reaps, and to his Broakers shop
In some *Long* (durty) *Lane*: a sad presage
Commits them, hangs e'm; a strange hanging age.

Ha, ha, ha.

All is not gold that glisters.

IF curious change of colours please the eye,
We must not let this Monsieur *Change* goe by,
Saunce great obseruance. H'as a comely shape,
Dimension faire, yet but a very Ape
In's fawning imitation. In thy Glasse,
(In which at pleasure various shadowes passe,
As men shall please to make them) now's a smile,
Straight angry furrowes; such as time shall pile
Vpon the brow of age. But kisse thy hand,
Thy shadow does it: But correct thy band,
Some purle or set amisse; or curle thy haire,
Stroke vp thy fore-top, or thy looke prepare,

(As

A knot of Fooles.

(As some neat Gallants vse) for sad or light,
As sleight occasion guides : or let a right
Turnbullian Hackney ; or some Spittle-wench,
(Was ne're in France, yet perfect in the French)
But mend (as tis of some *Madonas* sed)
Her wither'd white, with a reuiuing red,
To maintaine Custome : or make antique roies,
Mouths and strange faces, such as girles and boies
Delight sometimes to play with : *All is there*
Done by thy *Zany* shadow : So tis here,
By this Court *Zany* ; this low Coochant mate,
That followes greatnes, and thus shadowes state:
But with this difference still: that shadow shewes
Spots, staines, and blem'shes, and in the cloze
Directs to mend e'm : when this shadow still
Makes *all* seem faire, though ne're so foule and ill.
This, that red anger that pursues to blood,
Would of his Lord haue still be vnderstood,
To be a marke of Greatnesse ; and a spirit
Befitting such as such high state inherit.
If too familiar with such men as serue
His worse affections, and his better starue,
In their base aduerse duties, why he's then
Clement and gentle, and on low-rank'd men,
As on the lofty, spreads a glorious ray ;
In which he does (like the bright eye of day)
Shine on the shrub and Cedar. If he buy
Pleasure at prices that are large and high,
Effusely wasting, then this shadow'll find
This shadow for it : T'is a Kingly minde.
Let women foule him, t'is a trick of youth :
Or let the cup transforme him ; why insooth

A knot of Fooles.

It addes vnto his blood, maintaines his heart,
Able and active, and to things are great,
Apts him all ouer. To a drooping heart,
'T applies all comfort, puts all cares apart.
Thus euery vice is couer'd, and appears
As pure as vertue. From this course, he beares
To one more stiffe and haughty; takes the place
Of Counsell on him, and the angry face
Of his mou'd Lord, thus follows: Shall he liue,
Dares to thy greatnesse a displeasure giue?
If thou be angry, why, reuenge, destroy,
'Tis iustly fit: If thou desire, enioy:
If thou suspect, beleene: if thou pursue
(In thought) taxations, 'tis thine owne, thy due.
Then but command and take it, Thus, this Flye
Followes the Hony; thus this Ant, the high
And full ear'd crop in Haruest: Thus, indeed,
This wolfe his prey; All but to glut and feed
Vpon the things they follow. As the Deere,
By the Flute rauisht (when it haps to heare,
The pleasing ayre goe from it) is betraid:
So by the sound from adulation made,
Is the deare heart of Kings: like Bees they bring,
In the mouth hony, in the tayle, a sting:
And I could wish with ardency of heart,
They were from Court translated to the Cart.

Ha, ha, ha.

As fat as a Foole.

HEer's a fine Fellow. Fellow? I presume
Beyond all reuerence; and his perfume

Will

A knot of Fooles.

Will not endure the boldnesse : all that meet
This man, with courtesies low as to his feet,
And sweetest Sir salute him : for hee's smelt
At a large distance, when, nor scene nor felt.
But O! the sure, in which he seemes to tread
A stately march, as if a troope he lead:
Yet but one boy to man him; that me thinks
(Like the Sun) dazels, while each gazer winks
At the refulgent lustre : for that thing
Some call a cloake, he'll like a girdle sling
About his wast : may be about his arme
Weare't like a scarfe: for (sir) to keepe him warme
Should he lap't close about him, all his cost,
Would then be couer'd, and the wonder lost,
For which in cheife he made it. From his sure
To his mustato turne, and see th'acute
And curious cut he weares. This Gallants haire
In curl and pounce wasts him a larger share,
Then's lent some men to liue by. You may see
Tis no meane Meanes, must the Exchequer be
To such vnbounded Freenes : but ne're looke
O'th Gallants backe, but in the Mercers booke;
There see his state, his wit, and for his Grace,
Tis all in fashion, in his sure and face.

Ha, ha, ha.

A Foole and his money is soone parted.

NOW such a number (at one instant flow)
Roule in before me, that I hardly know
How, or which first to speake on : two of these
Haue trauell'd lately into little ease :

C

(A

A knot of Fooles.

(A place so call'd) To which they idly went,
To try a foolish Cause ; where hauing spent
Treble the worth of that their wisedomes sought,
Th'are now return'd, like Birds that haue beene caught
Ith' Fowlers engine ; and (to scape the snare)
Haue struggled all their Feathers off ; so bare,
Naked and poorly now, to seeke a Nest,
With lagging wing they flye ; but find no rest.

Ha, ha, ha.

Jacke of both sides.

THis mans a dweller in the place we nam'd,
Yet full of ease and plenty ; and much fam'd
For a iust seruant to *Astrea*. Yet
He knowes the seat in which he's bound to sit ;
And what he has to doe in't. H'as a way,
(A strange Meander) which he calls *Delay*,
Full of by-crookes and turnings. Though he know
The path *Dispatch*, his followers must not goe
That easie eauen way. He can dispute,
And proue, he'll make a poore sleight paper suit
Out last a sute of Durance : which affirms,
He's proud and haughty, and will stand on Tearmes.

Ha, ha, ha.

Newer a Barrell better Herring.

Here's e'n a Bird of the same feather too ;
One, that puts off, and makes you much adoe
About

A Rode of Follies.

About a thing of nothing. In a Cure,
He'll make his patient patiently endure
A thousand rackes : where (if his goodnesse pleas'd)
The suffering man might (to his health) be eas'd
Which little labour, little cost : But such
Is now the tricke, they'll make their labour much
To make their profit so ; raising their gaine
From poore mens losses ; make e'm buy their paine.
And sometimes too, when they can get no more,
To learne to cure the rich, they'll kill the poore.

Ha, ha, ha.

New Lords, new Lawes.

Here you must bow, be bare, and not a word
But like a whisper, for this man's a Lord ;
A Lord beleeue me. He's exceeding fine :
Tis *Fyne* that does it ; that's the Hooke and Line
Cast out to catch. It *finely* fills his bags,
Fines vp his wife and issue : while poore rags
(Hauing lyen long vpon the Landlords racke)
Couer the Tenant : to his needy backe
An empty belly too ; and at the last,
Spewed out, and into some darke prison cast,
There, till he dye, to liue. Men now ne're looke
To what their father, or his father tooke,
But doubly treble that : ne're thinke of peace,
(The bosomes solace :) All o' land o' lease,
Purchase and building ; house to house they ioyne,
(Almost as great a treason as to coyne)

C 2

For

A know of Fooles.

For thei'd be Kings I thinke. In one mans hand,
(One petty man) you haue a petty Land:
In which they rule, with such tyrannicke sway,
And make their *Subiects* such strange taxes pay.
Tis foule to thinke. Good Lord, thy will be done,
Haue mercy on vs, for these Lords haue none.

Ha, ha, ha.

The Picture of Ill-lucke.

Here's a leane whoarson, one whose tender sight,
Endures not vertue, nor the prosperous light
Of any iust endeouour: vndermines
His thriuing neighbour, and too nothing pines
Till he subuert or sincke him. His delight
Is good mens sorrow, and their ioy his spight.

Ha, ha, ha.

Better lost then found.

This man's a coyner, yet he feares not death,
For he, ne're stamps in Mettle, but in breath.
Sweares from belecue me, and good faith and troath,
Vp to God dam me, and without an oath
Protests in nothing. Be he ne're so bare,
He's braue in this, that he can brauely sweare.

Ha,

A knot of Fooles.

Ha, ha, ha.

More knave then foole.

MArke this man well, d'ye see what locks he weares
A cunning pen-man; one durst lay his eares,
He'd write the hand, that any man should set
To the least dash or tittle: and did get
Much by the bargaine: yet (for all his boast)
In one he fail'd, and so his wagers lost.

Ha, ha, ha.

Wit whither wilt thou?

THis fellowes father, we begun with first,
But more dares he, then ere his father durst;
For he'd not wast a peny. This in play
Will set by'th handfull, on a match will lay
His halfe yeeres spending: nay this youth will take
A pretty little painted thing, and make
Right like a Lady: when to all beholders
Her belly's at her chinne, and at her shoulders
The little wast she weares. He'le man her too,
As if she were not one that vs'd to doo
In common places; but a vertuous thing,
And lawfull purchase. In a Tauerne sing,
Sweare, curse, curuet, throw pots against the wall,
To mak't come double vp, and pay for all.
His father would not: Thus their gifts were plac'd,
One great i'th gripe, the other great i'th wast.

A knot of Fooles.

Ha, ha, ha.

Worse and worse.

YEt thicker still : Detraction with a breath,
As deadly wounding as the hand of Death
Vpon the fame of goodnesse. —

Plaine dealing is a Jewell.

————— There's a Knaue,
Though now in tatters, will sometimes be braue,
Taking the show of a substantiall man,
And sweare for halfe a crowne; *for sweare* he can,
And his feard soule nere feel it. —

First come, first serued.

————— Who can chuse
But laugh at this ? Why here's a running Stewes
Hurries them on. This waight was wont to ride,
Not on *four* wheelles, but *one* on either side,
And that me thinkes shewd better. —

Be good in your office.

————— What a sort
Of great gown'd men make it a pleasing sport
To see the *Lady*, that was wont to feed
Widowes, poore Orphans, and decrepit need,
Baited with Beadles ? Yet to some that begge,
A better man must come with cap and legge,
Then he that whips her out. —

A

A knot of Fooles.

A Whelp of the same colour.

————— Here's one can eate
Nothing can please him, but the poore mans sweate:
Makes Need a burthen like the Camell beare,
And kneele to take it too: beneath it weare
It selfe to nothing, and for nothing; while
He with a Harpy Tallon, rakes to pile
One bagge vpon another. —————

An ill weed growes apace.

————— Is this case
Allowed ith' *Forum*, that men sell the place
That should be giuen to merit? when the Tribe
Of vnder-officers, receiue a bribe
'Gainst their reproofe, they haue this answer taught:
Tis fit they sell what they themselues haue bought;
And with this fitnesse fit vs. —————

Not too fast for falling.

————— What a stride
Ambition stalkes withall; and what a pride
He takes in climbing vp the steepe ascent
Of a great glorious title? His intent
Directed solely thikher, though the way
Be thorow Liues: though sterne-eyd Danger lay
Snarcs round about him: in this deuillish hast,
(To haue a plucke where he's forbid to tast)
He'll still be scaling: till *Iones* angry frowne
Dart lightning forth, and strike this Gyant downe,
Beneath the earth he trode on. —————

All's mine, the Devils godsonne.

————— This is one

That

A knot of Fooles.

That stands for many. He makes many, none,
And fills himselfe their places: that on which
Many haue liu'd, (and the more thrifry rich)
Has he monopoliz'd; and now't must stand
His, onely his: be vended through his hand
At what high rate, he please: so's golden wit,
Can bring him hundreds in, let hundreds sit,
And beg, or starue, he cares not.

Rash all ouer.

_____ Pray stand cleare,
The brow of this man threatens, and strikes feare
In all comes neere him. Yet to speake the right
Though he be hasty, not in hast to fight.
His end you see before he's scene begin,
Whips his Stelletto out, and pops it in
Ere any blood's suspected. Thus beguil'd
A child may be a man; a man a child,
Yee this a fight in fashion.

Whiffe and away.

_____ Stay, me thinkes
I see a great way off (he how it stinkes)
A mightie cloude of smoake: heau'n sends good lucke,
I ne're saw baby of that bignesse sucke:
What ist I maruell? My old sides are sore
With laughing at 'em: while this myst is ore,
He e'ne goe sleepe a litle, for this fight,
(This traine of Fooles) has almost brought on night
With their slow pace: But now tis gone I care not,
So as at first, at last, Come laugh and spare not.

This

A knot of Fooles.



This old Abderite gone to sleepe, tyred with this
Knot of incurable Fooles, let vs see once more,
One that comes stalking in vpon vs, his plume open,
and all the various colours of power and states-plea-
sure about him. Yet not as they, incurable. Bur, by a
blest accident, recovered of his disease, *Pride* now in
a pious course teaching *Humility*.

Pride teaching Humility.

WHat more then foolish folly is't to boast,
Or swell with ostentation of those things
The smile of *Fortune* lends vs, and are lost
As laid vpon the swiftest Eagles wings,
And so borne from vs ? Both to poore and Kings
She'll shew her giddy turning, changing euer ;
But in vnconstancy, she's constant neuer.

Yet these vncertaine Fanours so much wrought
On proud *Sesostris*, an *Ægyptian* King,
That he forgot he was a man ; and thought
A God-like power, with an eternall spring
Of various pleasure, state, and euery thing

D

To

A knot of Fooles.

To which mans loue and dearest affections stand,
Were all his owne, all at his owne command.

For hauing wonne the Lawrell to his brow,
That wreath of Conquest, from a field of blood,
And made Kings captiue : To giue lustre now
To such heroicke fortunes, in the Bud
(Or but new sprouted blossomes) he thought good,
In all the ornaments of state, attir'd,
To ride through Memphis, to be seene, admired.

Not in the Rheda or Carruca vs'd
To beare the Romane Senators of old,
But, (by his warre, superbiouly infus'd)
He must haue his more precious, all of gold :
That most refulgent earth, for which are sold
The soules of many mortals. Meaner stuffe,
Though rich, to poore ; such is prides lofty puffe.

To this rich matter, burnisht and enchac'd
This proud Commander addes th'vnvalued worth
Of Berrill, Topaz, Saphyr, Iaspire : plac'd
With such rare Art, they send a lustre forth,
Would make the night seeme day : and in this worth
Sits like proud *Phaeton*, or as (indeed)
His seats great splendor should the Sunnes exceed.

To this proud Chariot must no Palfrey come ;
To this the reines are gold, with golden bits,
And Kings must here supply the horses roome,
To draw the Champion on this Chariot sits :
His captiue Kings : who when their slow pace knits

His

A knot of Fooles.

His brow with anger, must to smooth't againe,
Tug hard as horses, nor like Kings, nor men.

Their costly trappings are the costly weeds
They wore, when they their regall titles wore,
The heads attire to these high pamper'd steeds,
(So now by office) are the *Crownes* they bore
When subiect duty humbly did adore

Their quondam glories : such *Sesostri*s pride,
Like Kings attyr'd, like Iades to toying ty'd.

Thus farre's the picture of *Sesostri*s heart :
The change now followes. As the Chariot goes,
Of these foure Kings, one still aside would start,
And turning still o'th turning wheele he throwes
Most serious glances ; which the Riders blowes
Oft times would punish : yet he'd still be slacke,
And still to'th Axletree and Wheele turne backe.

*Sesostri*s wondring to what end so oft
He turnes, demands : the captiue King replies,
Ith' wheele I see the spoake that's now aloft,
Turn'd straight toth' bottome, and that low spoake rise
Toth' place of that stood highest : to this mine eyes
And Meditations fix'd. The Moral's plaine,
What's high may fall, what's low may rise againe.

Th'insulting Monarch hearing this reply,
And noting well the reprehensiu ayme
Of him that spake it, turnes a iudging eye
Downe to the foot of folly where the same
Pride soard so high for, now he sees is shame

And

A knot of Fooles.

And shames to looke on't : Now his plume's deprest,
To humane forme, ha's now a humane brest.

He now can see they (like himselfe) are men,
And so much being ; had their blood beene base,
It yet had beene more pure, more precious, then
For such low duties : how much more disgrace
Impos'd on Greatnesse, men whose birth and place
Were as his owne was : this he now can see,
For this he grieues, for this he sets them free.

Takes to his Chariot Horses, and these Kings,
As men, his fellowes, and his dearest friends,
To whom in notes concordant now he sings,
The dulcet part of kindnesse that transcends
A common friendship. Noting Fortune lends
By fits her fauours : In our Christian phrase,
Heaven hates the haughty, doth the humble raise.

F I N I S.

*Collected by
G. H. B.*

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